

Texas Dept. Store

MAD-OX DRUG CO.
SALES AGENTS



CANDIES OF RARE QUALITY

VOLUME 6

STATESMAN BURNED TO DEATH IN HOME

DE ARMOND, PROMINENT MISSOURI CONGRESSMAN, DIES HERO, TRYING TO SAVE LITTLE GRANDSON.

ENCOURAGES BOY TO LAST

Daughter Is Seriously Burned While Attempting Rescue at Butler, Mo. DeArmond Mansion Destroyed

Butler, Mo., Nov. 24.—"Never mind, Davy. It's all right. It's all right, Davy."

These were the last words heard by relatives of Congressman David A. DeArmond, who, with his grandson, David A. DeArmond III, was burned to death in a fire which descended in this city at 3 o'clock this morning.

While Mrs. DeArmond and her daughter, Mrs. Henry C. Clark, wife of Brig. Gen. Clark, of the Missouri National Guard, fought with the flames in an effort to rescue the son of Missouri Congressmen and the child, they heard the screams of the 5-year-old boy.

Courage of Grandfather.

Above them they heard over and over again the encouraging tones of the grandfather, whose last thoughts were to allay the fears of his grandson and face death with courage befitting his station.

Mrs. Clark dashed into the flames in her frantic efforts to rescue her father and nephew. She was severely burned about the head, face, and hands before neighbors could drag her away, sobbing.

Two Are Incinerated.

Congressman De Armond and his grandson were incinerated in an air-dome, which the former for years had used as a sleeping apartment.

A hot brick, which he used to warn his bed, is believed to have caused the fire.

All that has been found of the bodies were a few charred bones.

De Armond Mansion Burns.

The mansion, a remodeled one of the old Colonial type, was destroyed. Nothing of the contents were saved.

The De Armond home was occupied by the Congressman, his wife and Mrs. Clark. Congressman De Armond was a fresh-air devotee and was teaching his grandson to become hardy. It was customary for the boy to sleep in the air-dome with his grandfather whenever he felt so inclined.

James A. De Armond, father of the boy, is editor of the Butler Democrat.

James A. De Armond, father of the children across the street opposite the homestead of his parents.

Two Slept in Airdome.

Last night David III went over to sleep with his grandfather. The air-dome was a building 14x20 feet in dimensions, built on iron pillars fifteen feet from the ground. There was only one entrance, through a door on the second floor.

The night was cool and the Congressman took along a hot brick, which was placed between the sheets for the benefit of the boy.

It was 2:30 a. m. when Mrs. De Armond, whose sleeping apartment is on the second floor and not far removed from the air-dome, was awakened by smoke. She hastily arose and ran out into the hall. The flames were issuing from the doorway of the room where her husband and grandson slept.

Attempt to Rescue Victims.

They formed an impassable barrier, but as she stood there, she heard the shrieks of the boy and the strong, consoling tones of her husband. Frantically she called to her daughter, a woman of 35, who tried to dash through the fire and rescue her father and nephew. By this time, James A. De Armond, son of the Congressman, ran over from his home and tried to go to the rescue, but the flames drove him and the neighbors back.

All that could be done was to minister to his collapsed mother and sister.

James A. De Armond was Adjutant General of the Missouri National Guard under Gov. Folk. He has two other children.

The residence was a large and pretentious one, two and a half stories.

(Continued on Page 8)

greatest Store in Eastern Oklahoma. Sales annually \$350,000.00. Has done more for Ada than any other enterprise. Bulled the cotton market and raised all bank deposits.

Buck Wall, Mgr.

Merchant News
215-227 Martin Bldg.
LOADED SHELLS
Both Black and Smokeless Powder.
Our Stock Is Complete.

ADA HARDWARE CO.

NUMBER 204

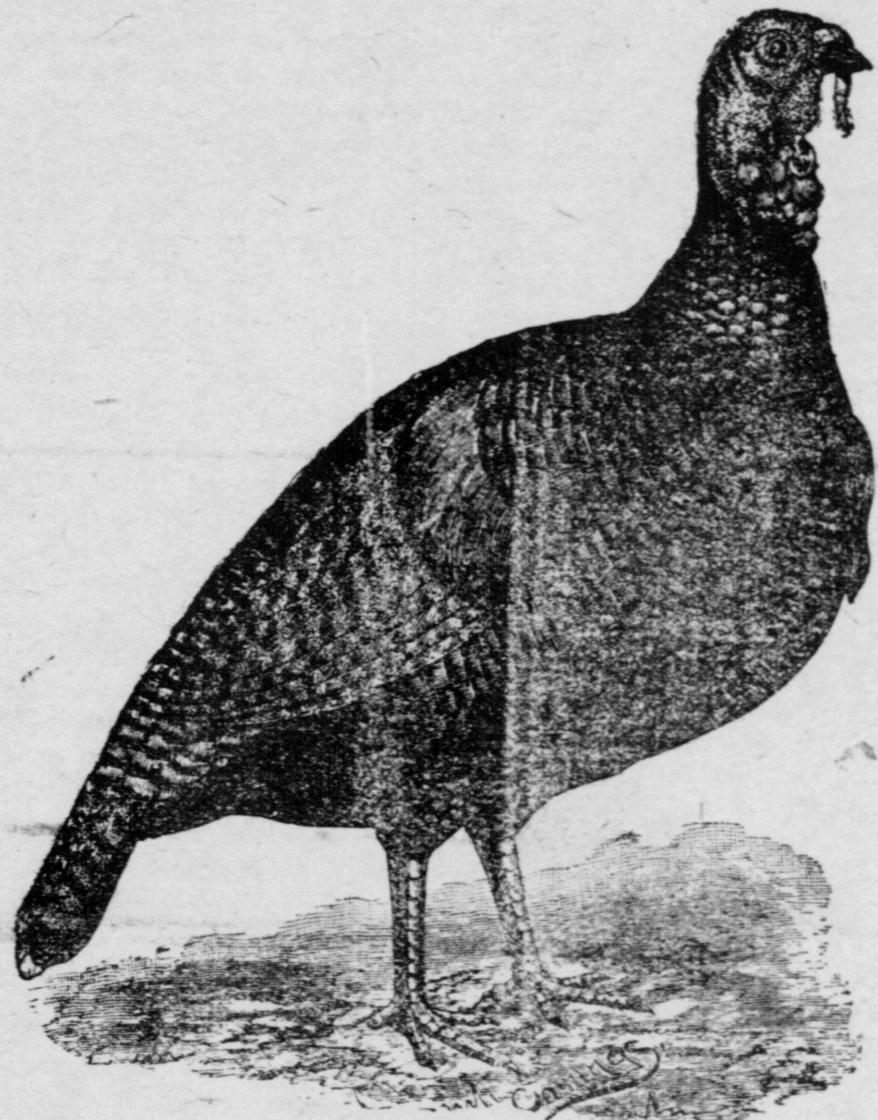
THE EVENING NEWS

DEVOTED TO MAKING ADA A LARGER AND MORE PROGRESSIVE CITY

ADA, OKLAHOMA. WEDNESDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 24, 1909

IT IS OUR PART TO BE THANKFUL

As we approach our national Thanksgiving Day, we, not only as a city but as a nation, think of it as an institution that is unique in its purpose and character and distinctively American in its origin and annual observance. Thanksgiving days were observed before our nation came into existence but they were largely local in their nature and were observed only at irregular intervals. It was in 1863 that our nation set apart a regular Thanksgiving Day which has been annually observed ever since. It is with gratitude that our people observes this custom which is peculiar characteristic of their nature and which has become a reverent and grateful occasion in our national



life and activity.

It is probably true that no city in our nation has more to be thankful for than our own. It has been the happy recipient of many blessings since the last observance of this day just one year ago. There has been a material growth and progress far beyond our most sanguine expectations. New commercial institutions have located in our midst, our banking facilities have been enlarged, another railroad has entered our city limits, the cement plant has been enlarged and is doing the largest volume of business in its history, city conveniences in the way of street paving, cement sidewalks and sewerage are being completed and improved, plans have been inaugurated by which our city limits will be extended and our population has increased to an unexpected number within this short time. Our merchants have had the largest volume of business probably ever known before in the commercial history of our city, our banks are handling more money and have a larger amount on deposit than ever before, and just now our city is arranging to secure 400 acres of land for railroad shops, factories and other business concerns that will greatly add to the business life of the city. Our educational interest and facilities have been greatly increased by addition of the East Central State Normal school with its splendid faculty and its body of 400 students, this together with the fact that our city schools are under the wise management of a safe and conservative board of education makes our city one of the leading educational centers of the state. The farmers around have been unusually prosperous during the year, nearly all debts have been paid and new bank accounts started.

This growth and prosperity is largely due to the fact that our people and business concerns have been united on all questions that concern not only the material growth but the moral, spiritual and educational development of our city. The News appreciates the fact that every business institution in this city has stood as brothers, have supported each other, have been comrades in the battle for prosperity. Indeed we should have the spirit of Thanksgiving as never before. It is ours by right of service and reward and it is ours too because of our own inherent nature. It is our desire to be thankful. Let us make this the most grateful Thanksgiving ever held before in our city.

The News Will not issue tomorrow. It will rest and be thankful.

Read the Page Advertisement
Special attention is called to Buck Wall's page advertisement running regularly in the News. The Texas Department Store has contributed much

ENTOMBED MINERS ARE SURELY DEAD

CAREFUL EXPLANATION FAILS TO REVEAL ANY SIGNS OF LIFE.

The Population of Cherry, Ill., Still Bowd Down With Sorrow—Rescuers Meet Great Obstacles.

Cherry, Ill., Nov. 24.—Hope that there might still be alive some of the 189 men known to be entombed in the St. Paul mine was practically abandoned today.

An exploration into what is known as the second vein, where it was thought that probably many miners had barricaded themselves and had managed to exist on oats and corn provided for the mules, showed that great portions of the tunnels had collapsed. It is thought many men were buried under the debris and if the obstruction is not soon cleared away at least 100 bodies may never be dug up. Fire was still raging in these tunnels and the back portions where imprisoned miners could have found a retreat was said to be full of the fatal black damp.

"What little hope we had was given up when we penetrated to what is called the overcasts," said W. W. Taylor, general manager of the mine. "In that place pure air would have been found if it could have been found anywhere and the miners aware of it, would have retreated there. When we got into the place we found it empty both of bodies and of live men. We listened to detect a signal or any other sign of life."

Village of Mourning.

Meanwhile Cherry continues to be a village of mourning. The death today of one of the survivors brought to the surface last Saturday reduced the total number of those saved out of the 310 lost in the disaster to 19.

Almost all were identified. Women who had been prostrate for ten days were called to make certain by recognition a pocket knife or a dinner bell that their hopes were gone.

Down in the mine the rescuers met with great obstacles. In one instance fire broke out in the tunnel cutting off the escape of 25 men who had ventured 4,000 feet from the hoisting shaft. The smell of smoke gave the

warning and the rescuers were brought to safety by another rescue party.

Mine Inspector in Charge.

Following a telegram sent to Gov. Deneen by the executive board of the Miners' State organization asking that some one be designated by the state to take charge of the mine, Mine Inspector Hector McAllister was placed in charge. It was said that despite the fire and the discouraging news of tunnels having fallen the rescue work would be pushed night and day.

Read and Consider the Nobility of the Soul of A Poor Boy Laborer, As He Lay Dying.

Cherry, Ill., Nov. 23.—A diary was found today on the clothing taken from one of the thirty-eight bodies found in a pocket of the mine. The diary was begun on Nov. 13, and was written by Samuel D. Howard, 21 years of age. It describes the slow

death of the men by the encroaching black damp, and refers tenderly to Samuel's efforts to save his brother Alfred, 16 years old, who died by his side. A verbatim copy of the diary follows:

Alive at 10:30 o'clock; at 10:45; also at 11 o'clock. Brother is with me yet. A great many dead mules and men I tried to save some, but came almost losing myself. If I am dead give my diamond ring to Mamie Robinson. The ring is coming at the postoffice. Henry can have the ring in my good clothes. The only thing I regret is that my brother could not help my mother out after I am dead and gone.

I tried my best to get out, but could not. I saw Jim Jamieson and Steve Limke lying along the road and could not stand it any longer. It is five minutes past 11 o'clock and the air is fine, but sometimes it is so bad it almost puts a fellow's light (Continued on Page Eight)

Good Things For Thanksgiving



DESIGNED BY
SPERO, MICHAEL & SON
NEW YORK



DESIGNED BY
SPERO, MICHAEL & SON
NEW YORK

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

Fine Clothes are the chief among them; but we'll fit you in fine shirts, neckwear, underwear, gloves; things for dress or everyday use; all as good as we can find.

Overcoats and Cravatines \$10 to \$20

HATS
J. B. Stetson
Knox
Gimbell

I. HARRIS
Specialist in Good Clothes For Men and Young Men

Shoes 3.50 & \$4
Walkovers
W. L. Douglas
Burt & Packard

This store is the home of Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes.

OPPOSE CHOCTAW MEMORIAL

RESOLUTIONS WERE ADOPTED BY THE CONVENTION AT McALESTER SETTING FORTH DEMANDS.

Delegates Will Go to Washington to Lobby for the New Measure Providing for Sale of Surface Coal and Asphalt Lands.

McAlester, Okla., Nov. 20.—Resolutions were adopted by the Segregated Coal Land association today memorializing congress to provide for the sale of the surface of the 450,000 acres of coal and asphalt lands of the Choctaw and Chickasaw nations, in tracts of not more than 160 acres for agricultural and 640 acres for grazing purposes. A finance committee was provided in order that funds may be raised with which to maintain a representative in Washington to lobby in behalf of the measure. Commissioner R. D. Valentine delivered an address in which he indicated that he would favor such a measure.

E. C. Million, member of the executive committee, called the convention to order in the absence of President Boone Williams, who is in Arizona. The committee appointed on resolutions was Frank Craig, McAlester, chairman; T. W. McLaughlin and James Elliott, Haileyville; Dr. M. Bond, Hartshorne; G. A. Reidt, Dow; L. I. Lucas, Wilburton; W. H. Moore, Senator R. N. Redwine, W. Hayes Fuller, McAlester.

Valentine Speaks.

Robert G. Valentine, commissioner of Indian affairs, who is here from Washington, addressed the convention. While not committing himself to the plans advocated by the delegates to the convention for the sale of the surface of the segregated lands in devoting his remarks to the necessity of making good citizens of the Indians and the necessity for his industrial education, he led his hearers to believe that he desired the lands settled that white neighbors might have the proper influence on the Indian.

George Harkins of Coalgate, secretary of the Indian association for the sale of the surface lands, and a full-blood Choctaw, spoke in favor of the plan and the advantage it would be to the Indian to have this land covered with farms and fruit gardens.

This afternoon a letter from Senator Robert L. Owen was read in which he said that the proposition to sell the lands to the federal government was neither positive or desirable. Congressman Charles D. Carter of the Fourth district spoke this afternoon. He said to sell the lands to the government would be to revive the land grant of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas railway company and bring about many other undesirable conditions.

He was opposed to the Choctaw council memorial and was in favor of the bill introduced in the house by himself and in the senate by Senator Owen at the last session of congress.

BANK DENATIONALIZED NOW RENATIONALIZES

ENID QUARTERLY BANK CHANGES TO FIRST NATIONAL—SECOND IMPORTANT CONVERSION NATIONALWARD.

New Bank for Pontotoc County Being the First National at Allen, Good Little City on East Side.

Washington, Nov. 22.—The Enid State Guaranty Bank, which was formerly the First National bank of Enid, has been authorized to again do business as the First National Bank of Enid with a capital of \$100,000. This is the second important conversion of an Oklahoma State guaranty bank into a National bank. The Oklahoma City Farmers State Bank to the Farmers National bank being the first one.

The officers of the bank under its new Federal charter are S. T. Gentry, president; C. W. Gentry, vice president, and John P. Cook, cashier. Two other National banks have been organized in Oklahoma as follows:

First National Bank of Waynoka, with \$25,000 capital. J. A. Stine of Alva, G. E. Nickle, L. L. Stine, W. H. Olmstead and R. W. Waidley, incorporators.

First National Bank of Allen, with \$25,000 capital. Charles E. Head of McAlester, William J. Wade, William Pegg, C. M. Means and T. B. Liner incorporators.

Young Girls Are Victims.

of headaches, as well as older women, but all get quick relief and prompt cure from Dr. King's New Life Pills, the world's best remedy for sick and nervous headaches. They make pure blood, and strong nerves and build up your health. Try them. 25c at Ramsey's drug store.

The Overdoing of Towser II

By EDWIN L. SABIN

(Copyright, by J. B. Lippincott Co.)

This is a true story, because the remains of the hen are still in circulation.

When the golf epidemic captured Wheatley the victims scoured the country far and wide to find grounds suitable for links. Hi Hacock's pasture was selected as being the best site, and negotiations were entered into with Mr. Hacock with a view to leasing and eventually purchasing the land.

Hi was wary. For some time he held off. He could not understand why a crowd of town people wanted to acquire so much ground "jes' to play shinney on." To the most casual reader it must be evident that Hi never had indulged in golf.

Finally, after he had been talked to by the mayor, both bankers, and the school superintendent, and other leading citizens, all golfcats, he consented and gave the lease desired.

Immediately the old pasture became a famous resort. The Wheatley Golf club, its friends and friends' friends, flocked there. Business in the town of Wheatley was paralyzed. No one had any time for business. Out of this fervor arose a unique incident which I believe is unprecedented in the annals of golf. Especially is it unique, because it is true; I can prove it. In fact, I will prove it at the conclusion of this narrative. But now I will let Hi take up the thread. He says:

"Couldn't see as they'd hurt the land any, tho' they plowed it an' cut it considerble hittin' it with their sticks, an' as they paid my price I rented it to 'em. Then they come out, mornin', noon an' night, men an' women, with red shirts an' knee pants tucked into their socks an' short dresses, an' every durn one had about a dozen of them there golf sticks. My boys an' Peters boys, they made as high as a dollar a day totin' sticks for parties playin', I tol' em' to go ahead, an' I hired han's to their chores.

"When the players weren't playin', they an' their help—scaddies—that's what they call 'em, isn't it?—were lookin' for lost balls. The way balls were lost was a caution—part of the game, I reckon. I dunno who beat. Anyway, these women—you never could tell where their balls was goin' to land—they'd swat at the ball, an' b'gosh, twas as likely to go behind 'em as in front. Some of the men, especially them little dudes with stuffed calves, was as bad. Quite often the big fellers would knock a ball clean out of sight—that is, out of sight of where anybody was expectin' twould light.

"I began to think I'd better go over that pasture with a hoss-rake an' gather in a few hundred balls jes' for luck, when Towser II. come to the front. You must have heard of Towser II. Pshaw, now! Why, Towser II. was the famousest settin' hen in the hull country. Set? She was a settin' from Settersville. Named her Towser after a settin' dog we used to own. Both setters—but she was the settersetter.

"One day we missed old Towser, an' I says to ma, says I: 'Towser's a-settin' ag'in. Johnny'll have to go in the mornin' an' hunt her up.' So in the mornin' Johnny struck out, an' he folled the gully down through the pasture, while I searched the barn. But where do you reckon we found Towser? In the dried-up swamp, b'gosh, a-settin' to beat creation, with 14 golf balls under her. Fourteen, by gum!

"Wa-al, old lady," I thought, "we don't want on ingy-rubber chickens, so I'll jes' relieve you of these here eggs." With her a-cluckin' an' a-sputterin' at me I put the balls in my hat an' started off.

"Nex' time we found her she was in a corner under the rail fence, settin' on 12 golf balls. She'd clect' em in less'n an hour, I swun, an' was pleased as a peacock. I begun to see I'd struck a real bonanza. I dumped this second lot long with the firs', in a barrel. In about an hour more we rounded up Towser in the swamp ag'in on top of 15 balls. All day we jes' let her have full swing, an' at night durned if I didn't have a barrel plum heaped with golf balls. Dunno how many dozen, but anyway, old Towser had done herself proud.

"With golf balls wuth 40 cents apiece, new, as somebody tol' me, I reckoned this was a purty fair day's work. I counted on turnin' Towser loose every day, 's long as she liked it, an' she'd more'n earn our keep, easy. Of course she couldn't do as well as this every stretch, for balls wouldn't get sech head-start ag'in, but I figgered on two dozen a day.

"Twould have panned out all right if the blamed fool hadn't hid herself so we couldn't fin' her for three days. Somehow she carried a lot of them balls off a mile—one at a time, I calcalte—into the timber long the creek, an' made a nest in a holler stump. Sot there till we come across her by accident, an' she'd set so stiddy, fearin' we'd interrupt ag'in, that she'd melted the balls, b' gosh, an' the ingy-rubber was all round her legs an' on her stomick, an' she was about all rubber, so we couldn't get her apart. She died from it."

"And you sold her to Mrs. Robinson's boarding house," I added.

"Durned if I didn't! How do you know?" exclaimed Hi, astonished.

"We had her for dinner," I replied. "And, Hi, they hadn't been able to get the rubber off yet!"

Hi laughed.

Legal Publications

Order for Hearing Petition to Sell Real Estate by Guardian.

STATE OF OKLAHOMA,
PONTOTOC COUNTY.

IN COUNTY COURT.
In the Matter of the Guardianship of Robert Noah, a minor.

Now, on this 1st day of November, 1909, comes Cornelius Bond, as guardian of the estate of the above named ward having filed herein his petition for the sale of the real estate of said ward for the reason in said petition stated.

All the right title and interest of said minors in and to the following lands, to-wit:

The North West Quarter of Sec. 9 and the N. E. Quarter of Sec. 8, both in township 4 North and range 7 East, being the entire allotment of Joe Dyer, deceased, containing 320 acres and the interest of Katsie Dyer being four ninths and Jackson Porter's interest being one ninth.

Said real estate will be sold on the following terms and conditions, to-wit: Cash in hand.

Bids for the purchase thereof must be in writing and must be filed in

The County Court, or delivered to

the undersigned at Byers, Okla., or

to Currie & Duncan at their office

in the city of Ada, Oklahoma.

Dated the 16th day of November,

1909.

JOEL TERRELL,
County Judge.

(First Pub. Nov. 4-4t)

of the County of Pontotoc, State of Oklahoma, made on the 15th day of November, 1909, the undersigned Guardian of the estates of Katsie Dyer and Jackson Porter will sell at Private Sale to the highest bidder, subject to confirmation by said Court, on or after the 11th day of December A. D., 1909, at 1:00 o'clock P. M., at Ada, Oklahoma, all the right, title and interest of said Katsie Dyer and Jackson Porter, Minors, in and to the following described real estate situated in Pontotoc County, State of Oklahoma, to-wit:

All the right title and interest of said minors in and to the following lands, to-wit:

The North West Quarter of Sec.

9 and the N. E. Quarter of Sec. 8,

both in township 4 North and range

7 East, being the entire allotment

of Joe Dyer, deceased, containing

320 acres and the interest of Katsie

Dyer being four ninths and Jackson

Porter's interest being one ninth.

Said real estate will be sold on the following terms and conditions, to-wit: Cash in hand.

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The County Court, or delivered to

the undersigned at Byers, Okla., or

to Currie & Duncan at their office

in the city of Ada, Oklahoma.

Dated the 16th day of November,

1909.

K. C. PARKS

(First published Nov. 18-3tw)

Notice of Hearing Petition for Appointment of Administrator.

State of Oklahoma, Pontotoc county.
In County Court.

In the Matter of the Estate of Calvin Johnson, Deceased.

To the Heirs, next of kin, and Creditors of Calvin Johnson, Deceased.

You are hereby notified that B. O. Fry, has applied to the County Court of Pontotoc county, State of Oklahoma, for Letters of Administration on the estate of Calvin Johnson, deceased, to be granted to B. O. Fry, and that said application will be heard in the Court room of said Court in the City of Ada, in said County, on the 30th day of November, 1909, at 10 o'clock A. M., at which time and place any person interested may appear and show cause, if any they have, why such petition should not be granted.

Witness my hand and the Seal of

said Court hereunto affixed this 10th

day of November, 1909.

JOEL TERRELL, County Judge.

(First published Nov. 11-3t)

Order for Hearing Petition to Sell Real Estate by Guardian.

STATE OF OKLAHOMA,
PONTOTOC COUNTY.

IN COUNTY COURT.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of Isaac Burs, an Incompetent.

Now, on this 3rd day of November, 1909, comes R. L. Walker, as guardian of the estate of the above named ward having filed herein his petition for the sale of the real estate of said ward as is necessary for the reason in said petition stated.

IT IS ORDERED, That said petition be and hereby is set for hearing on

the 2nd day of December, A. D., 1909,

at 10 o'clock A. M., at which time

the next of kin and all persons inter-

ested in the estate of said ward are

required to appear and show cause,

if any they have, why an order

should not be granted for the sale

of so much of the real estate of

said ward as is necessary for the

reason in said petition stated.

IT IS ORDERED, That said petition

be and hereby is set for hearing on

the 11th day of December, A. D., 1909,

at 10 o'clock A. M., at which time

the next of kin and all persons inter-

ested in the estate of said ward are

required to appear and show cause,

if any they have, why an order

should not be granted for the sale

of so much of the real estate of

said ward as is necessary for the

reason in said petition stated.

IT IS ORDERED, That said petition

be and hereby is set for hearing on

the 18th day of December, A. D., 1909,

at 10 o'clock A. M., at which time

the next of kin and all persons inter-

ested in the estate of said ward are

required to appear and show cause,

if any they have, why an order

should not be granted for the sale

of so much of the real estate of

said ward as is necessary for the

THANKSGIVING AND CHRISTMAS

Are The TWO GREAT FESTIVALS of the Year

Every Section of the Big Store is in readiness. This store's superiority in size and variety of stock carried makes it the place for you to best satisfy your individual tastes. Our method of Low Pricing means giving you more of good quality for the same money, or the same quality for less money, and means good, dependable goods to you always at the Very Lowest Prices.

Beginning December 1, 1909

We are going to place our business on a Strictly Cash Basis. By this means we will sell more goods for less money, and offer more inducements to our friends and customers.

Here Are Some Special Inducements

Picked from our mammoth stock of groceries at prices that means the lowest known cost, and selected to suit the farmer and laborer as well as the most fastidious

Lot No. 1

Special Price \$1

One Can Good Tomatoes
One Can Good Peaches
One Can Good Corn
One Can Good Apricots
One Can Good Pears
One Can Good Salmon
Three Cans Good Sardines
One Glass good Jelly
One Box Good Crackers

\$1 ALL FOR \$1

Lot No. 2

Special Price \$1

One Bottle Good Olives
One Glass Good Jelly
One Bottle Heinz Mustard Dressing
One Quart Can Berries
One Can Good Corn
One Can Good Tomatoes
One Can Good Peas
One Bunch Celery
One Can Salmon

\$1 ALL FOR \$1

Lot No. 3

Special Price \$2

One Sack Meal
One Peck Potatoes
Three Pounds Good Coffee
Five Pounds Good Oat Meal
One Can Fifteen Ounce Baking Powder
One Box Soda
One Box Starch
Two Boxes Bluing
Three Pounds Best Rice
One Can Salmon
Two Boxes Sardines

\$2 ALL FOR \$2

Lot No. 4

Special Price 2.00

One Peck Apples
Two Quarts Cranberries
Two Bunches Celery
Two Quarts Tomatoes
Two Quarts Corn
One Pound Creamery Butter
Two Cans Good Peas
One Can Table Peaches
One Can Pineapple

\$2 ALL FOR \$2

Lot No. 5

Special Price 5.00

Fifty Pounds Good Flour
One Peck Potatoes
One Sack Meal
One Bucket Lard
Six Pounds D. S. Meat
Five Pounds Oat Meal
One Pail Syrup
Three Cans Corn
Three Cans Tomatoes
One Can Twenty-five-ounce Baking Powder
Two Boxes Arm & Hammer Soda
Two Boxes Faultless Starch

\$5 ALL FOR \$5

Lot No. 6

Special Price 5.00

One Sack Flour
One Sack Meal
One-half Bushel Potatoes
One Peck Apples
Three Cans Corn
Three Cans Tomatoes
Two Cans Pumpkins
Two Cans Table Paches
One Can Pine Apples
One Bottle Olives
Two Quarts Cranberries
Two Bunches Celery
One Bottle Vinegar
One Pound Creamery Butter

\$5 ALL FOR \$5

The Texas Department Store
ADA, - - - OKLAHOMA

The Ada News

Evening Edition, except Sunday
Weekly Publication, Thursday.

OFFICE: Weaver-Masonic Block,
12th and Broadway.

Otis B. Weaver, Editor and Owner.
J. M. Watkins, Business Manager.

Weekly, the year \$1.00
Daily, the week 10
Daily, the year 4.00

Daily delivered in city by carrier
every evening except Sunday.

The Weekly will be sent to responsible subscribers until ordered discontinued and all arrearages are paid

"Entered as Second Class matter,
March 26, 1904, at the Post Office at
Ada, Okla., under the Act of Congress
of March 3, 1879."

All copy for ad changes must be
in this office by noon on day of publication.



MOVING ALONG.

We are demanding more and more. Dirt streets no longer satisfy us; kerosene lamps are not good enough; coal stoves are replaced by furnaces; we demand sewers instead of dumping the dish-water in the back yard; we demand bridges on the country roads instead of fords; we demand better schools and more books and better desks for the children; we demand food inspection and public hospitals for the insane where the best medical attention in the world can be had; we demand better high schools, better colleges, public and private; we demand that our bank deposits be guaranteed, and that the railroads charge us two cents instead of three, and that they reduce our freight rates; we demand more of cities, more of our grocery stores, more of our counties, more of our dry goods merchants, more of our states, more of our lumber dealers and butchers, and more of our nation. Taxes are higher and necessities cost more in the cities, in our groceries, in our school districts in the dry goods stores and in the nation. There is nothing to do but to see that the taxes are honestly spent and honestly distributed upon the shoulders of the people.—William Allen White.

OKLAHOMANS TRUE AMERICANS.

One of the questions that tax payers are inclined to ask at this time is—when will taxes be lower? In the first place the state tax is not now, and has not been, as high as was the territorial tax. Should the court uphold the collection of special taxes such as the Income Tax and Gross Production tax, the rate of taxation in the state although not high now, can be lowered, in fact it is possible that as the state grows older that the time will arrive when it will not be necessary to levy a state tax. The local tax is the high tax and the more local the higher it generally is, for instance our school tax is our highest tax. On the western side of the state it costs more than twice as much to run a school now as it did ten years ago, and it stands to reason that if a farmer paid ten dollars school tax ten years ago he would pay twenty dollars school tax now. The reason for this is obvious. Teachers' wages during the past ten years has almost doubled within the state of Oklahoma and yet there are but few persons who would be so foolish as to assert that our teachers are over paid. Everything is higher than it was ten years ago and still few farmers would ask to go back to the basis of five cent cotton and twenty cent corn. They prefer to incur the necessary extra expenses and get the present prices for their farm products, in fact it is easier to pay twenty dollars school tax today than it was ten dollars school tax ten years ago. What is true of school taxes is also true of county and township taxes. There seems to be but small chance of materially lowering local taxation in the near future unless we stop building roads and bridges and cut down the school terms.

Land for Sale on Easy Terms.

Ford and Harris have several farms for sale about Ada, and will make terms satisfactory. Will take city property, or stock in payment. For particulars call at Farmers State Bank.

"Ben Franklin"

Said—"The way to wealth, If you desire it, is as plain as the way to market. It depends chiefly on two words—

Industry and Frugality

He that gets all he can honestly, and saves all he gets (necessary expenses excepted,) will certainly become rich.

What the wise old philosopher said was not only true at that time, but holds good today.

There is no better way to save than to have a bank account.

First National Bank, Ada, Oklahoma

A GOOD BANK—IN A GOOD TOWN

Thanksgiving Greetings.

Expressions of Gratitude From Those of Our Prosperous Business Men Who Rightly Appreciate the Patronage Accorded Them the Past Year

THANKSGIVING 1909

Guest Bros. Dry Goods Store.

Mindful of the many evidences of prosperity as reflected in our constantly growing business, and deeply appreciative of the manifest loyalty of our numerous friends, we desire to express our heartfelt thanks to all who have had a part in helping us grow. To you we extend in turn our heartfelt wishes for your own happiness and success.

Yours very truly,

GUEST BROS.

Westcott Mercantile Co.

We wish to extend to our friends and to the public, our appreciation of their patronage. We ask your business on business principles.

WESTCOTT MERCANTILE CO.

We wish to thank our many patrons heartily for the confidence they have shown in our ability to properly take care of the many wants in the drug store line. We sincerely appreciate the business you have given us. Our motto is Prescriptions Properly Prepared, Physicians Pleased, Patients Protected.

GWIN & MAYS CO.

"Look up, but never down. A hopeful attitude will bring a new world to you." The Ada National Bank extends to its friends and customers Thanksgiving greetings. We trust there is much in store for you. We are grateful to you for your patronage and that you have made it possible for us to remain with you for nine and a half years and under one continuous management.

Yours very truly,
FRANK JONES, Cashier.

The Ada Hardware Company, under new management, avails itself of this opportunity of extending grateful appreciation to the public for a magnificent business, and hopes by giving full value and quality in goods to merit even an increased business the coming year. We shall always be ready to attend the wants of our friends.

E. H. MCKENDREE,
L. H. WOODWARD.

expenses and get the present prices for their farm products, in fact it is easier to pay twenty dollars school tax today than it was ten dollars school tax ten years ago. What is true of school taxes is also true of county and township taxes. There seems to be but small chance of materially lowering local taxation in the near future unless we stop building roads and bridges and cut down the school terms.

Land for Sale on Easy Terms.

Ford and Harris have several farms for sale about Ada, and will make terms satisfactory. Will take city property, or stock in payment. For particulars call at Farmers State Bank.

For the large amount of patronage we have received from the people of Ada, we wish to express our thanks, and to say that we will show our gratitude by keeping a varied and good line of jewelry, clocks, etc., from which you are invited to select your Christmas remembrances. A pretty piece of jewelry is always an acceptable gift and we believe we have most anything you are looking for in that line, and we always stand ready to show our customers through our stock. With best wishes.

SPRAGUE BROS.

We Are Thankful.

We wish to thank our many friends and patrons and remember that we're in business for your Health.

G. M. RAMSEY.

THANKS.

We do appreciate your business.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

We extend our thanks for the liberal patronage of the public and ask you to remember we carry a full line of paints and wall paper.

CRESCENT DRUG STORE.

F. Z. Holly, Prop.

A Word of Appreciation.

I desire to extend to my customers my hearty appreciation for their most liberal patronage during the past year, and to assure them that in the future their orders shall have prompt and careful attention. I also desire to state in this connection that my stock is complete and the prices are as low as is consistent with quality of goods.

MEIGS, The Tinner.

We are unable to express in words our sincere appreciation to our customers for the splendid patronage accorded us since establishing our business here and we propose by courteous treatment to retain your good will and further patronage. In future, as in the past, our goods will be high grade and prices low. It shall ever be our aim to please. Come and see us.

We are grateful that our endeavors to please the trade has met with unprecedent success. Our business is increasing daily and we wish to thank our customers for their trade, and assure them that at all times we shall keep a variety of choice goods. We want it said of us that "Neely keeps everything good to eat."

W. O. NEELY.

I take this opportunity to say to the citizens of Ada that I sincerely thank you for proof of your appreciation of our exclusive up to date shoe store. I anticipate a continuation of your most liberal patronage and assure you that it shall ever be a pleasure to fit you with our latest, most stylish footwear. We believe we can satisfy your wants in style and comfort.

S. E. CHAPMAN.

We are thankful that through the kindness of our many Ada friends, it has been our privilege to help beautify so many homes in this city from our select stock of furniture. We propose to continue to keep in stock the best and that which can but please the most fastidious housekeeper, and shall be glad at any time to touch up your home with new furniture or carpets.

R. F. SMITH, Furniture Store.

The Merchants and Planters desire to thank their patrons for business entrusted them, and assure them that their interests will be cared for at all times.

C. H. RIVES, President.

B. H. MASON, Cashier.

The housekeepers of Ada have always kindly awarded me a very large share of orders in the grocery line, for which I am duly grateful. It is our intention to keep in stock the best and freshest the market affords, and your future orders shall receive prompt and careful attention. We make a specialty of fresh fruits and vegetables when obtainable.

M. L. WALSH.

We thank our friends and customers for their patronage during the year and trust that we may merit a continuance of your trade. Our store will be closed all day tomorrow.

COX-MCDONALD CO.

We want each and every person in Pontotoc county to know that we highly appreciate the tremendous business given us this year, and stand ready to aid you in any way we can at any time.

SURPRISE STORE.

I wish to express my sincere thanks to the citizens of Ada and Pontotoc county for the very liberal patronage they have had and are giving me. My business is constantly growing.

R. E. HAYNES,

The Hardware Man.

I sincerely thank the goodly number of families in this city who have from year to year afforded me patronage. We carry a good assortment of groceries, fruits and vegetables and believe we can furnish your table with the very best the market affords. Your orders will be appreciated in the future as in the past.

L. J. LITTLE.

We thank the public for the liberal patronage of the past, and solicit continuance of business, for it shall be our rule to keep up the best selected stock of up to date merchandise especially in ready to wear garments for ladies, men and children. We handle only first class established lines, and we appreciate your patronage. Our motto is fair and square dealings.

GRAND LEADER.

CHARITY PEOPLE OF THIS CITY ASSIST PAUPERS

BUY THEM A TICKET TO WICHITA, KANS., ALLEGED HOME OF NEAR RELATIVES—BITES THE HANDS THAT FEED.

APPLIES TO OKLAHOMA CITY FOR HELP

Would Send Him Back to Ada for Support Instead of His Relatives. Pauper Rather Go Any Where Else Than Ada.

The article below taken from an Oklahoma City paper tells about one of its destitute and includes in such relation an insinuating reflection on the city of Ada. The most casual reader of the article would note the injustice, if not the animus in the Ada reference.

Mother and Son in Want.

"After two months of want and starvation in this city, Harrison Hudmon of Ada applied to the Provident association station for succor for his aged mother and himself Friday morning.

"According to his statement he has been in the city nearly two months and during that time has worked just one day, earning \$1.00 at street paving shortly after his arrival. His mother, who is over fifty years of age, has been doing what little washing her health would permit. The young man has been sick with pneumonia for the past two years, according to his story, and has been able to work very little, and when able says he could find no work to do. Since they have been here they have been kept up by the neighbors in their vicinity on West Chickasha street.

They presented a truly pitiable spectacle, and the officer of the sta-

tion was moved with sympathy by their distress. He asked Hudmon how it came about that they came to this city. Hudmon told how the Provident association of Ada gave them money enough to go to an older brother of Harrison Hudmon in Wichita, Kansas; how, when they came to him, he gave them a ticket to this city and how they have been living from hand to mouth since they arrived here.

"The station officer then offered to send them back to Ada, but young Hudmon quietly declined and said that they would rather go anywhere else than there. He refused to give a reason."

HAUNTED BY MAN HE KILLED

DEAD VICTIM EVER BEFORE HIM; BECOMES RAVING MANIAC.

McAlester, Okla., Nov. 23.—With the spectral face of the man whom he killed ever before him, haunting him, walking or sleeping, Bill Kates a miner, has become a raving maniac and probably will spend the remainder of his life in a mad house.

Sitting in a cell in the county jail, Monday night, after he had been officially pronounced insane, Kates startled the guards by sudden outburst.

"Don't look at me like that," he cried, "Go back to your grave, can't you, you fiend from perdition. Back to your grave, I say, can't you let a poor devil rest in peace?"

Efforts were made to quiet him. In lucid moments he talked intelligently with the guards, but suddenly jumping to his feet, he would grasp his companions by the sleeves and plead:

"Don't let him look at me like that. Don't you see those eyes? They have been haunting me so long and I am afraid of them. Don't tell me that there are no eyes there. Haven't I seen them in my dreams for years?

Kates was acquitted of murder. The killing took place in Texas years ago in a gun fight, during which he was shot in the spine.

WELLMAN SAYS PEARY IS ONLY MAN REACHING POLE

Two Polar Explorers Meet for First Time at Washington Reception.

Washington, Nov. 23.—Commander Robert E. Peary and Walter Wellman the Arctic explorers, met here tonight for the first time since both started seeking the north pole.

Commander Peary expressed his gratification at this evidence of confidence.

Commander Peary made a brief address but made no reference to Dr. Cook.

Hot and Cold Stuff

Manufacturers of Ice Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Coal Long Distance Phone 29

Ada Ice and Fuel Co.

We sell the best Fancy Lump Coal, and to insure clean coal to our customers, we load our wagons with forks. We have our own wagons which insures prompt service.

OUR PRICES ARE RIGHT. CALL US UP.

Use an Electric Iron

No

Fire
Fuss
Lifting
Walking

Turn the light button and iron—that's all. No red-hot stove on a red-hot day.

Keeps the even temperature and your own temper. Try one two weeks. If it doesn't suit you, return it.

Ada Electric and Gas Company,
South Broadway

Phone No. 78

GOT THE OVERCOAT YET?



Wind Is Blowing Pretty Crisply Around the Corners this Morning

Today a lot of men will be running after overcoats. All will naturally want to get their money's worth. Some of them will, some won't. Among those who will, will be those who make their money go fartherest by design--others there'll be who will be merely lucky--don't trust to luck--Think hard about your clothes buying.

Investigate. Discriminate. Come in and See the

Schloss Bros. & Co's.

Overcoats, Cravettes and Rain Coats

See how easy we have made it for you to get a great big money's worth

Style, fit, beautiful materials--The most splendid line of overcoats you've ever seen in your life. We believe, and so do thousands of men the country over who wear **Schloss Bros. & Co.** overcoats, that they are values unequaled **\$10 to \$25**

DRUMMOND & LATTIMORE Outfitters for men and young men
North Side Main St., ADA, OKLA.

PERSONAL COLUMN

Smith Sells Furniture. dtf

Try a cup of Ramsey's Fine French Drop Coffee, 5c. tf

Mrs. Bud Harrison returned to Ahlso this morning.

Chas. E. Daggs, tinner and plumber, North Broadway.

Walsh has just received a shipment of fresh pineapples. 4t

Mrs. J. W. Fedberry, from Jefferson, Tex., is visiting her friend, Mrs. Blinn.

Phone 369 for genuine McAlester fancy lump coal. tf

Tom D. McKeown returned this morning from a few days at Guthrie.

Another new shipment of the Boschoff Ladies' and Misses' long coats just received at the Grand Leader.

Get ready for Xmas. Something new in needle work. Edwina Kama lace and Lodge Pillows. Fur hats and turbans. See us before making your Christmas purchases. Westcott's.

A QUICK DELIVERY
For Baggage and Transfer Phone No. 75 or see

J. W. MURPHY.
He does the work and doesn't handle whiskey.

One of Dr. Creasy's adjustments cured our boy of diarrhoea. He has done wonders for me. L. R. Stuchey.

Mrs. T. W. Hill returned today from a few days visit with her sister at Clinton, Okla.

Phone 369 for genuine McAlester fancy lump coal. tf

H. A. Day of Bebebe vicinity was a pleasant caller at our office today.

Choice lots for sale in the Dan Hays addition. James Webb. tf

Miss Hazel Harrison went down to Lehigh to spend a few days with her grand mother.

No clothing fits and wears like the Grand Leader clothing.

Ed Cotton, a prominent citizen of Maxwell is here today looking after business.

I would not take \$100 for my (Dr. Creasy's) glasses. J. Brandered.

Miss Aline Shands went to Wewoka to spend Thanksgiving holidays with her brother, Jesse Shands.

Ladies free at the ball game tomorrow, but all should strive to bring a man, for the boys need the money to break even for this season.

No clothing fit and wears like the Collegian clothes at the Grand Leader.

No clothing fits and wears like the Alco System clothing at the Grand Leader.

J. B. Bailey and family of Tyrola are in the city today, the lady doing some shopping while Mr. Bailey is looking after business and meeting old friends.

Buy your ticket for the Thanksgiving number of the Normal Lyceum course, the Chicago Symphony Trio, at Gwin-Mays store.

Don't for get to see and price our new long coat suits and Princess dresses at Grand Leader.

One of the best of the Lyceum series will be the Chicago Symphony Trio at the Normal school building tomorrow night. You can't afford to miss such a high class musicale.

Dr. D. W. Faust has gone to Chicago for the purpose of completing a post graduate course in one of the leading Medical schools of the country. He will be absent several weeks.

Need a lot fence that is hoss high, hog tight, bull strong and chicken proof? Get some of the Hodges fence now at the yards of Dascomb-Daniels Lumber Co.

For Thanksgiving a nice pair Dorothy Dodd Shoes at reasonable prices at the Grand Leader.

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THANKSGIVING.

Union Thanksgiving Service at the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A. Nov. 25, 1909.

1. Doxology.
2. Invocation—J. O. Needham.
3. Song.
4. Scripture reading—Dr. R. G. Sears.
5. Proclamation, (President) President C. W. Briles.
6. Proclamation (Governor)—Supt. T. W. Robison.
7. Prayer—Rev. C. Stubblefield.
8. Song.
9. Offering—W. E. Duncan, W. W. Sledge, A. N. Harrison, J. T. Conn, J. W. Beard and W. H. Ebey.
10. Dedication of offering—Rev. J. D. White.
11. Song—Special.
12. Sermon—Rev. C. E. Snootz.
13. Song.
14. Prayer—Rev. Fowler.
15. Benediction—Prof. W. L. Roddie.

J. O. NEEDHAM,
Secretary Pastors' Assn.

We Will Have For Thanksgiving

FRESH—

- Beans
- Lettuce
- Tomatoes
- Celery
- Cranberries
- Grape Fruit
- Toka Grapes
- Malaga Grapes
- Figs
- Lundin L. Raisins
- Oranges
- Apples
- Bananas

National Biscuit Co.'s

Fruit Cake

TURKEYS

Order early, so that we may get your order out in the afternoon.

TEXAS DEPARTMENT STORE

A Literary Exchange

Cartouche's Exploits

The Robber's Head

Dulcinea was a writer. Certainly she was a writer. Had she not got two long paragraphs published in the New York Squeeze and paid for at column rates? Ah, how well she remembered the day the man at the pay window had handed out an envelope containing enough coin of the republic to buy that marked-down elastic belt. How fair were the visions Dulcinea conjured up of fame, glory and silk petticoats, of applause and popularity, when she should be a household word among all readers of modern fiction. As she walked down Nassau street from the Squeeze office she could feel that people glanced at her with a sort of intuitive awe, sensing in some subtle fashion that she was an actual contributor to the public prints—a being superior to themselves, who were mere tollers in a realm of commonplace things.

Dulcinea went home and took her fountain pen in hand. She wrote a soulful story, re-copied it nicely and took it down to the editor of the Squeeze. He was an nice editor, though his desk was very untidy and had a great many pigeon-holes full of things, a great many piles of photographs and manuscripts on it and a very sizeable waste-paper basket off to one side.

Above his desk was a sort of annex consisting of more pigeon-holes and a lot of shelves—all piled full of well, Dulcinea wasn't quite sure what they were full of.

He finally finished, laid the manuscript on his desk beside the glue pot and coughed. Dulcinea's eyes were fixed searching upon him with a great deal of temperament showing through. The editor's smile was most polite, also the editorial shake of the head. Could it be possible he didn't like it? This had not occurred to Dulcinea, because she knew it was a soulful story; besides, it was a true story, and a very beautiful story.

"It is not just suited to our needs," said the editor, in nice, even tone.

The next time she tried something humorous. She couldn't help giggling at it herself as she re-copied it, and her mother laughed till she had to take off her glasses when she read it to her. She pictured an editorial censure when she should take it down next day.

She watched him out of the tail of her eye as he read it. After noting his expression a few minutes she began to think she had brought him the wrong manuscript by mistake. If he had been reading a notice of the bankruptcy of the Daily Squeeze he could not have looked more gloom-stricken. He didn't take the story. Dulcinea sat stupidly staring at the collection of literary manuscript on the supplementary shelves over his desk and wished they would fall on him.

When she reached home that night she found the soulful story returned from the magazine whither she had mailed it. Also a poem, accompanied by a printed rejection slip, from another periodical. If those two paragraphs had been good enough for him to accept and pay for, why couldn't he appreciate the other things—that were so much better and would take up so much more room?

She tried again, and again he declined in a pleasant voice. Dulcinea looked at the towering mass of junk in the annex over his desk and mused unhappily on what it probably contained. Were the dead hopes of innumerable aspirants to fame lying there in grimy desuetude? Were there not even some of her own perfectly good manuscripts among that grisly collection that she had sent in years gone by, before she had even dared enter an editor's lair? She was sure she described one, in a blue cover and tied with ribbon at the top which looked familiar, but she couldn't be sure, for it was weighted down with a stack of magazines and old books. Again she found herself obsessed with the idea of the whole mass precipitating itself upon the editor.

She made up her mind to do it. It would be worth it, even if she got arrested. She could hardly control a burst of maniacal glee as she saw in her imagination the mighty one fallen, submerged, buried, choked, weighted, flooded, overwhelmed with the products of her brain and the brains of other unhappy geniuses. If they killed her for it, it would be a glorious death! It would be worth anything to have been the instrument of an avenging fate like that! She knew how the Russian nihilists felt when they had decided to blow somebody up—the delightful, hysterical abandonment to the cause!

She arose from her chair and took several sprightly steps toward the editor's desk. There was just one fat book that seemed to be acting as keystone to the whole towering structure. It was the work of but a fraction of a second to snatch this out and then—

The noise rose up as music to her ears, and she floated out into Park row with an expression upon her face like an inspired saint. For once at least the editor had some of her finest manuscripts on his hands—also on his feet, his chest, his neck and his head—and which he was seriously considering.

Not So Young.
"Here are some stuffed eggs for our lunch; I made them myself."

"That proves what Tom said about you last night."

"And what was that?"
"He said you were no spring chicken."

In 1721 Cartouche, the famous brigand, was plundering Paris at will, and neither he nor his band feared to attack royalty itself. The regent laughed at the misfortunes of his courtiers, for diamonds, decorations, and purses were filched from the sacred persons of rank. Cartouche's exploits afforded mirth for the merry court. When it laughed all its subjects applauded, with the exception of the victims. The regent thought it a prime joke to rob the robbers, and hence was dispensed with his purse, and purchased a sword with a sharp point for which he paid 1,500 livres. The first time he wore the sword it was stolen from him on his return from the opera, and this event was the cause of much laughter.

By and by, when the matter grew rather too serious, detectives shadowed the robber chief. Cartouche, observing the spy, suddenly turned, and in the open street, and in broad daylight, before 300 of the regent's troops, took the spy by the collar and gave him severe caning.

The spy bellowed lustily and the troops advanced to capture the bandit, but he turned into an alley, took a wig from his pocket, painted wrinkles in his face, and mingled with the crowd in search of himself.

A week later, near the Rue des Gobelins, he saw another spy pointing him out to a large band of police. Cartouche caught sight of a man drinking in a hotel. He was dressed in a gray jerkin and flaxen wig.

"Well, comrade," said Cartouche,

"do you not wish to serve me, and fill your pocket? The police are after me; take my good, new clothes, and wig, and give me yours."

The exchange was made, Cartouche withdrew and walked down the street, staring at the signs.

The police took the man in Cartouche's clothing, and dragged him away, while all Paris took up the glad cry: "Cartouche is taken!"

At the court of justice, however, the man was identified by his neighbors.

At another time Cartouche's servant came running into the room with news to the effect that a large body of police were at the end of the street, en route to capture him. Cartouche went upstairs, threw off his coat, made an apron of a sheet, and a cap from a napkin. He caught up half a dozen plates, and passed three police officers who were breaking down the door of his room. With an indifferent air, he went on downstairs and found more of his enemies. As they drew back to let the supposed scullion pass out, they asked:

"Is Cartouche taken?"

"Not yet!" was the answer, and drawing two pistols, he killed two of them, the rest taking to their heels in the full belief that his whole band was with him.

One warm night in July, 1721, the aged widow of Marshal de Boufflers was about to retire—the window was open to permit the entrance of the breeze—when the head of a man appeared before the astonished lady. She was about to scream, and her hand reached the bell-rope.

"Not a word—not a movement, madam!" whispered the man. "I am Louis Dominique Cartouche! That is sufficient, I think."

Half-dead, she stood silent, while the intruder listened, and then continued:

"The street is guarded, but they did not see me climb your balcony. I am saved if you do not speak. I have not slept in a bed for eight days. I am famished for rest and food. Pretend that you are hungry; have your servant bring me a chicken, some fruit, and some wine."

This was done, and the robber, after eating a hearty meal, politely saluted his hostess and remarked:

"Permit me to wish you good-night. I will retire to my sleeping-room. Do not forget that I am here, for I sleep with one eye open."

Toward morning, Cartouche, refreshed by sleep, entered her apartment, and found her seated on the bed. He thanked her for her hospitality, took a glance at the now deserted street, and disappeared through the window.

An examination of the house revealed the fact that the bandit had not taken away a single article, and a day or two after she received a basket of champagne from her nocturnal visitor or guest. The old lady, it is said, returned the visit when Cartouche was imprisoned, and did all in her power to mitigate his confinement up to the hour of his terrible death.

Cartouche was betrayed by one of his own band, named Gruthus Duchatele, who conducted a large party, before daybreak, to an inn kept by Germain Savard, where the bandit was sleeping. Cartouche was seated on the bed, mending his breeches. They rushed in, and in a short time the renowned bandit was overpowered.

He was treated with the greatest consideration by his captors, and was furnished with the best of food and plenty of wine. Crowds of visitors came to see him, among whom were many ladies of rank, who begged the honor of an interview.

All history Cartouche has not his equal, and he remains in all the criminal annals the greatest robber of the world. So well organized and so large was his band, that some of the French writers insist that he deserves a military title rather than a criminal one. Be that as it may, however, Cartouche up to this time is the chief of robbers.

The inn was full. People of all conditions, nobles, beggars, quacks, titled ladies and shrews filled the common room to overflowing. The noise was deafening.

Fatigued with my long ride, I called the landlord and demanded to be shown a room. He looked at me for a moment and then bade the servant lass light me to the chamber whose name sounded like "the room of careless ease."

"What," I thought to myself, as I followed the girl, "can it be possible that Frederick the Great has ever slept in this tavern and occupied the room in which I am to sleep?"

I tried to question the serving girl, but she was as stupid as was fat and, having shown me my door, I was glad to get rid of her.

The room was small, but clean, and fairly comfortably furnished. One detail, however, disturbed me. I could not shut the door, either from the outside or within the chamber.

But I was young and careless, and after an instant's vexation I dismissed all thought of the door from my mind. In a very short time I was asleep.

It must have been about an hour later that I awoke, hearing a tremendous racket at my very door.

Suddenly a man burst into the room. He was a solid looking fellow of 30 years or less, with a flaming red wig and a mischievous, devil-may-care countenance. In one hand he carried a red-stained bag, which he threw into a corner of the room, and after placing a lighted candle on the table he set to work collecting all the chairs in the room.

"What are you doing?" I stammered, much taken aback.

"Making my bed, of course," said the man in a hoarse voice. "I'm going to sleep on these chairs; you wouldn't turn a fellow out of doors on a night like this, would you?"

"Well, you must admit you are a trifle unexpected in your mode of entering my room—" I began, but he interrupted me.

"Unexpected or not, it's the only safe harbor for me to-night. They won't take me in anywhere else, knowing who I am."

"Who are you?" I repeatedly, stupidly, "I do not understand. Would it be too much to ask you?"

"My business? Oh, certainly not! It doesn't trouble me at all. Only there are people who prefer not to be in my society, as if the man and not his business was what counted!"

I looked at my undesired visitor in horror. "Then you are—"

"Apprentice to the city executioner, at your service—but, of course, only at your own desire!" he added with a wicked grin. "There is the head now of a desperate robber that my master and I dispatched four days ago," and the monster pointed to the bag lying in a corner of the room.

"Merciful saints," I cried, scrabbling out of bed. "How horrible!" I began to put on my clothes in the wildest hurry.

"Would you like to see it?" asked the red-haired man.

"I should like to see it—at the devil!—and you, too!" I replied, warmly, tearing down the stairs without stopping to count the steps.

I took refuge in the kitchen, where, following the example of the executioner's apprentice, I made a bed of some chairs and spent the worst night in the world.

The next morning I went in anger to the landlord. At the first words of my story, however, he began to laugh, in spite of his attempts to remain sober. Naturally this made me even more furious than before.

At last he recovered sufficiently to say apologetically:

"Oh, my lord, do not be angry, it was all the fault of Mr. Eze, the wine merchant from Amiens. He always stays in the room in which you were to sleep last night. Of course, when he came, my wife and I told him that the room was occupied.

"Don't bother about that," was his reply. Then he went to the cupboard and took out a roasted sheep's head which he threw into a bag. He didn't tell us what he was going to do with it, but as he always pays well, we never said a word. This morning he told us the story and, indeed, your lordship, we could not help but laugh. But look, here he comes now!"

The red-headed fellow was indeed approaching us.

"Poirot!" I cried again. "I demand reparation for the insult you put upon me!"

"That is only fair," answered the executioner's apprentice. "I am engaged at your service; as I believe I said last night!"

"A truce to your pleasantries, which are not funny!" I rejoined. "Come, let up fight like gentlemen; that is, if you are able," I said with what was meant to be withering sarcasm.

I spoke more truly than I knew.

We fought that very day. I was severely wounded in the arm by the fictitious executioner's apprentice. This young man, of unusual strength, was no other than the nephew of the duke of —, who thus, in his supposed character of a wine merchant, gave free rein to his love of merry pranks and jests. The night when I had had the misfortune to occupy "Mr. Eze's room, the young count had already planned to meet there with several of his friends for a midnight spread to enjoy some of the good things which they could not get in their strict army life.

When your horse needs shoeing take it to the City Horseshoeing Shop and have them on. He does nothing but FIRSTCLASS WORK. Shop opposite Rock Stable, 12th Street.

We Paper and Paint Everything
We get a chance at.

We have a full line of House Paints, Lead and Oil Colors, Floor Stains and Varnishes, Floor Paints and Plenty of Wall Paper.

Crescent Drug Store
DR. F. Z. HOLLEY, Prop.

ASA E. RAMSEY, Receiver

TIME TABLE NO. 12

Effective August 8, 1909

West-Bound	Daily		East Bound
	No. 1	No. 2	
A.M. 8 30	LEHIGH	P.M.	5 30
8 55	Booneville		
9 17	Nixon	5 05	
9 37	Tupelo	4 44	
9 47	Stonewall	4 24	
10 02	Frisco	4 14	
10 25	Truxas	4 00	
10 40	Frisco Crossing	3 40	
10 55	Center	3 20	
11 13			

Church Directory

"EVERY BOY AND GIRL IN SUNDAY SCHOOL AND EVERYBODY AT CHURCH."

Asbury Methodist Church.

Preaching every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock and evening at 7:45 except the second Sunday. No service at all that day.

Sunday school at 9:45, T. W. Robison, superintendent.

Junior League at 3 p. m. with John Beard, superintendent.

Woman's Home Mission 1st and 3rd Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

C. C. BARNHARDT, Pastor.

First Presbyterian Church.

Sunday School at 9:45 a. m. J. T. Higgins, superintendent. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 8:00 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.

J. O. NEEDHAM, Pastor

Presbyterian Church.

Services Sunday morning at 1 and evening at 8:00. J. D. White pastor.

Sunday School at 9:45, Orville Sneed, superintendent. Junior Endeavor society meets every Sunday afternoon at 2:30. Ladies Aid Society meets every Monday afternoon at 2:30.

First Baptist Church.

Sunday school 9:45, W. C. Duncan, superintendent. Preaching 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. J. R. Union, 4 p. m. S. R. Union 7 p. m. Ladies Aid and Mission Society Monday, 4 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday 8 p. m.

C. STUBBLEFIELD, Pastor

Christian Church

Services Sunday morning at 11 and Sunday evening at 8:00. Rev. C. E. Smoot, pastor.

Sunday School at 10 a. m., L. T. Walters, superintendent

Ladies Aid meets first and third Wednesdays and C. W. B. M. first Thursday in each month. Prayermeeting every Wednesday evening at 8:00.

The Christian Endeavor Society meets at 3 p. m.

First Methodist Church.

Services Sunday morning at 10 o'clock and Sunday evening at 8:00. Rev. W. M. Wilson, pastor.

Sunday School every Sunday morning at 9:45, T. F. Pierce, superintendent. Prayermeeting every Wednesday evening at 8:00. Intermediate and Jr. Leagues meet Sunday afternoon. Home Mission Society meets every Monday afternoon at 3 p. m., evening at 3 o'clock. Bible study Friday night at 7:30.

North Ada Baptist Church.

Sunday School every Sunday morning at 9:45, A. N. Harrison, superintendent. Prayermeeting every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock. Ladies Aid Society meets every Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

W. O. W.

Ada Camp, No. 568, Woodmen of the World, meets every 1st and 3rd Monday nights at I. O. O. F. hall. Visiting Woodmen are always welcome.

Ada Aerie, No. 1740.

Meets every Wednesday evening in hall on South Townsend.

I. O. O. F.

Ada Lodge No. 82. I. O. F. meets every Thursday evening. A. T. Denton, N. G.; C. M. Chauncey, secretary.

Ada Rebekah Lodge No. 146.

Meets first and third Tuesday nights of each month. Noble Grand Mrs. C. M. Chauncey; Secretary, Mrs. Olive Baker.

FRISCO.

Effective 12:01 A. M. Oct. 8, 1909

NORTH BOUND

No. 508 Eastern Express...10.59 a. m.

No. 514 Meteor.....5:56 p. m.

SOUTH BOUND

No. 509 Meteor.....9:22 a. m.

No. 507 Sherman Express..4:54 p. m.

M. K. & T.

Southbound

No. 111 due 11:10 a. m.

Northbound

No. 112 due 4:57 p. m.

OKLAHOMA CENTRAL

Westbound

No. 3 due 10:25 a. m.

Local

due 11:30 a. m.

Eastbound

No. 2 due 3:40 p. m.

Local

due 12:45 p. m.

Settling Up

Hazel and Mabel Were Straightening Out Their Monthly Accounts.

"Anybody coming to see you tonight, Hazel?" asked the young woman artist as her chum opened the door of her four-room apartment for her.

"No," she said. "Who's coming to see you?"

"Nobody, thank goodness! We can make out our accounts to-night. Honestly, I am so mixed up that I don't know whether I owe you a lot of money or you owe me a lot."

Dinner over, the two opened the desk, drew up the only two comfortable chairs in the artistic apartment, loosened their collars and pulled up their sleeves.

"I paid the meat bill," began Hazel. "It was \$6.57 for two weeks, so you owe me \$3 and—what's a half of 67 cents?"

"Goodness! Wait till I put it down," said Mabel. "It's—it's 23½ cents."

"All right. Then you owe me \$3.23½. Let's get that down. Say, Mabs, I think you're cheating me, because two 25 cents makes 50 cents, and this is more than 50 cents."

"That's all right. I'll work it in my head. A half of 50 cents is 25 cents and a half of 7 cents is 3½ cents. Say, it's good there's a mathematician present. I did that just as easy!"

"Honestly, Mabel, I have to marvel at you. Now, I couldn't any more have done that simple little problem than anything."

"Well, I owe you \$3.29½. Call it 30 cents. Now, let's go on."

"All right. I'm glad that's done. Now, I paid the milkman, too."

"Say, Hazel, two 30 cents make 60 cents. There's something wrong there. I'm getting cheated this time, and you never notice it at all, but just hurry right over it as if you—"

"Well, if anybody gets cheated in this crowd I'm of the opinion that I generally do."

"Let's not fight about it or we'll never finish."

"I'm glad you won't fight. Honestly, I feel so cross and wicked when we make out our accounts."

"Hazel, I have an idea. I used to be awfully good in algebra. I hated arithmetic, but after I had taken algebra the second time I really knew something about it. Now, we'll let X equal what you owe and Y what I owe."

"But we both owe the same."

"That isn't the way I do it. Oh, yes. Well, X equals what you owe, too. Then 2X equals \$6.57. Just tell me that I don't know something about algebra. Now, if 2X equals—oh, say, we've got to divide 57 by 2 again."

"This is too much!" said Hazel, burying her hands in her hair. "Mabs, I shall die before the meat bill is finished. And think of all the others!"

"I'm thinking. Don't bother me. Now I have it. I owe you 28½ cents, and that's right. I'm dead sure of it because I worked it backward."

"I'm ready to take your word for anything. I never could do fractions, anyway. Oh, but don't forget that there's \$3 to be added to the front of that."

"Have you got that down? Half an hour for the meat bill! We'll be through by 6 a. m."

"Now the milk bill. That is exactly \$2."

"Then I owe you \$1. Say, I did like lightning! Let's get it down, quick!"

"I'm going to get up early tomorrow and embrace the milkman for making it an even number."

"Hazel, I paid the grocery bill, and that was more than you paid. It was—let me see—\$17.31. So I guess you owe me more."

"But I paid the rent and the gas bill. They come in this time."

"Oh, dear! But you owe me 95 cents for those chamois gloves and I owe you 5 cents on the lunch this noon."

"And you owe me the \$1.25 that I let you take."

"When did you let me take \$1.25? What did I buy?"

"I don't remember, but I lent it to you."

"I'll bet I paid it back."

"I'll bet you didn't. I know. It was for a pair of silk stockings."

"Oh, yes, and they were a poor bargain, too. They're all worn out. I just feel as if I were giving you that money. Well, let's go on. Half of \$1.25 is—"

"Why should I pay half for your silk stockings?"

"Haz, I know I'm going crazy!"

"I don't see why girls ever have to make out accounts. I could just cry! There goes the telephone!"

"Oh, that reminds me that there's the telephone bill. Ye gods!"

"Hello!" shouted the madman. "That's a brilliant idea. Wouldn't it be rich? A with B's head, and B with A's head!"

The fellow seemed tickled with my suggestion, and talked about it at least ten minutes. But he resumed the murderous knife again, and prepared to carry out his purpose.

Suddenly my eyes flashed delight, and I struggled in my chair. I heard the familiar footsteps of Bob Henry ascending the stairs.

Rescued at last!

"What's the matter?" queried the maniac.

The steps were heard rapidly approaching my door.

"Spies!" shouted my visitor, throwing down his knife. "I must not be seen here. Au revoler."

There was a deafening crash of glass and wood, and Bob Henry entered the room just in time to see the madman disappearing through the shattered window.

Always. Yes, always!

"Yes, indeed. And pay them, too, if you want to."

"Thank heaven for Billy!" they sighed in chorus.

Become so saturated with confidence in your own proposition that it exudes from your every pore and shines upon your face.

Work just as hard the day after you have sold \$100,000 worth as you did the day you did it. You may duplicate your yesterday's achievement.

How My Head Was Saved

By WALLACE PUTNAM REED

Yes, sir, I am only 38 years old. It is hard to believe, I know—my white hair and furrowed brow appear to tell a different story. But it is the simple truth, and I can explain the seeming mystery in a few words.

About eight years ago I was a young physician, just starting in the practice. My office was in B—, a small village in the southwestern part of this state. I usually slept in my office, it being both convenient and economical to do so.

One night in January, I think, I was sitting before my fire, pondering over my future prospects. The hour was very late, and the weather was so cold that I did not expect any call or visit.

Suddenly I felt that some one had entered the room. I had heard no noise, but an indefinable something warned me that a visitor was present.

With a quick wheel of my chair, I faced the door. Within five feet of me stood my visitor. He was a tall, well-proportioned, and strikingly handsome man. I had barely time to remark this, and to note the fact that he was well dressed, when the stranger spoke.

"A physician, I believe?"

He said this hesitatingly, and with an air of respectful deference.

"That is my profession," I replied.

"Will you take a chair, sir?"

The stranger took the proffered seat, and proceeded to engage me in a general conversation.

Half an hour passed, and still the object of the visit had not been stated. At last I hinted at it in pretty plain terms.

"Oh, yes," said the stranger. "I came near forgetting my purpose in calling. The fact is, I have made a discovery which is destined to work a revolution in surgical science."

I yawned at this. What does a man care for surgical science at midnight, when his fire is going out?

"I will tell you about it," continued my visitor. "I have discovered a simple process by which a man's head may be cut off and then replaced, without injury to the person operated upon."

I gave the man a keen glance. He met my gaze without flinching.

"I decline to think about it at all," I replied; "at least, not to-night. You may drop in to-morrow."

The stranger leaped from his chair and stood before me. I noticed then that he was very much my superior in physical strength.

What could I do?

My office was on the first floor of an isolated building. No one slept on my floor except Bob Henry, and he was out, probably for the night. If the man murdered me, nobody would hear my cries for help. The situation began to grow interesting.

"What do you mean?" I asked in as calm a tone as I could assume.

"I mean this," was the reply. "I mean to try my experiment on you to-night. I will pledge my honor to sever your head from your body and replace it within 20 minutes, without causing the slightest injury."

The man was a maniac. Of this I was certain. But how was I to manage him?

I was just about to spring from my seat, when the madman drew a large and glittering knife, and flourished it before my eyes.

"Steady, now!" said he. "Keep quiet, old boy, and don't move, or I'll have to hack your face more than is necessary."

This significant warning capped the climax. I felt all my strength leaving me, and as I gazed into the burning eyes looking so earnestly into mine, I felt that no earthly power could save me.

He placed one hand upon my head, and I thought my last hour had arrived.

Just then the use of my faculties returned to me. My first desire was to gain time.

"

BUSINESS CITIZENS OF ADA PREPARING FOR INEVITABLE

WILL TAKE OVER 400 ACRES AT
THE SOUTH TO MEET THE COM-
ING DEMANDS OF SALASAW-ADA
RAILROAD AND SEVERAL MAN-
UFACTURING INDUSTRIES.

According to announcement, there was a meeting at the club rooms last night, when there was renewed a discussion of the more practical plan of preparation to secure the new railroad and several manufacturing industries now nearly ready to offer the city boni-fide propositions.

As has been previously outlined, certain leading citizens of the city appreciating the certainty that Ada on account of its past achievements and established rank as a commercial point of leading importance, with clear visions of the near future requirements in the matter of more room and substantial bonuses for the coming industries, have had for some time under careful consideration the best line of action possible which will maximize the desirability of Ada as an industrial center and minimize the usual financial sacrifice on the part of local citizens accompanying such securities.

There was some time ago, harmonious concurrence among the business public, that the Donaghey's and Floyd's tracts of land comprising 400 acres adjoining the city on the north, since the owners thereof were live, sensible citizens and could be dwelt with on a sane and business basis, represented the key to the situation. The proposition is; Messrs. Donaghey and R. D. Floyd, who succeeded to the Huddleston tract, offer to sell citizens of the city 140 acres of land for \$14,500 and 120 acres of land for \$13,000. The same to be paid for, under proper showing of good faith and guarantee, when sufficient lot sales have been accomplished with which to liquidate the purchase price. Hon. Chas. R. Floyd, who owns the additional 140 acres desired by the citizens proposes to contract to sell with out money option such tract, at reasonable price at the time within certain extended period, when the demand comes on account of industrial progress.

The rank and file of the responsible citizens of Ada are going to secure this body of land at the north of the city for the requirements of the immediate future. Such was decided last night. The details of the proposed purchase have only to be worked out. A committee composed of conservative, public spirited citizens has been selected to formulate the articles of agreement of an incorporation, which shall have for its basis the sale of the land solely for the purposes of the best interests of the city at large. When sufficient sales have been made to pay for the property, the entire assets of the balance shall be utilized in payment of bonuses for new industries and railroads and for sites.

It is understood that the property shall be placed on the market in tiers of blocks consecutively, beginning on the south side of the entire body. In this manner, the city's growth will continue compact and in order.

On Friday night Messrs. Adam Beck Sam Torbett, Jno. D. Rinard, J. W. Hays, W. H. Ebey, L. J. Little and Frank Jones will meet the owners of the land, when it is confidently expected to conclude in full the deal for the land.

ENTOMBED MINERS ARE SURELY DEAD

(Continued from Page One.)

out. It is something fierce to see men and mules lying down all over like that.

To keep me from thinking I thought I would write these few lines. There is rock falling all over. We have our buckets full of water, sump water, and we drink it and we drink it and bathe our heads with it; 10 to 12 o'clock; after 1 o'clock, 2 o'clock; 3 o'clock and poor air and black damp.

4:15 o'clock, change of place. Two men tried to get out and could not get back. 7:30 o'clock tired and could not get back. 7:30 o'clock tired and hungry and sleepy, but I could stand quite a bit of this if I could get out of this hole.

7:50 o'clock in the morning. This is Sunday. There is no air. We fanned ourselves with the lids of our buckets. 25 after 9 and black damp coming both ways.

25 after 10. We gave up all hope. We have done all we could. The fan better start above soon. 25 after 10 a. m. Sunday. We are still alive. The only hope is the fan.

I think I won't have strength to write pretty soon.

15 after 12 p. m., Sunday. If they can't give us air we will make fans ourselves. We take our turn at the fan. We have three of them going.

27 to 3 p. m. and the black damp is coming in. Only for the fans we would be dead.

11 to 4 p. m. dying for the want of air. We have six fans moving. One fan after another, fifteen apart.

25 after 10 p. m., Sunday evening. We all had to come back, we can't move front or backward. We can stand it without fans until Monday morning.

15 after 2 Monday morning. Am still alive. We are cold, hungry, weak sick and everything else. Alfred Howard is still alive.

9:15 a. m. Monday morning, still breathing. Something better turn up or we will soon be gone.

The diary was scribbled with a lead pencil on loose leaves torn from an account book.

11:15 a. m., still alive at this time. 16 to 11 p. m. Monday. The lives are going out. I think this is our last. We are getting weak—Alfred Howard, as well as all of us."

The men evidently all were killed by black damp late Monday afternoon, forty-eight hours after the fire broke out in the mine.

Thanksgiving Notice.
The store of the Mad-Ox Drug Co. will be closed Thanksgiving day from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. o'clock.

Union Prayer Meeting.

The pastors and congregations of the two Presbyterian churches, the two Methodist churches, and the Christian church have arranged to join in a prayer service tonight at the First Presbyterian church, corner 14th and Broadway.

This service is preparatory to the revival meeting which begins at the First Methodist church Sunday Dec. 5. Every body is invited to attend services tonight.

J. O. NEEDHAM,
Secretary Pastors' Assn.

STATESMAN BURNED TO DEATH IN HOME

(Continued from Page 1)
set back on a large lawn, surrounded by trees. The airdome was one of the Congressman's innovations when the house was remodeled.

Sketch of Career.

David Albaugh De Armond (Dem.) of Butler was born in Blair county, Pa., March 18, 1844; was brought up on a farm; educated in the common schools and at Williamsport, Dickinson Seminary; was State Senator, Circuit Judge and Missouri Supreme Court Commissioner; was elected to the Fifty-Second, Fifty-Third, Fifty-Fourth, Fifty-Fifth, Fifty-Sixth, Fifty-Seventh, Fifty-Eighth, Fifty-Ninth and Sixtieth Congress, and re-elected to the Sixty-First Congress.

Funeral Friday.

Congressman De Armond and his little grandson will not be separated in death. Tonight it was decided to hold a double funeral for them Friday afternoon. Interment will be in Oakhill Cemetery, in Butler, Mo.

Word was received from Washington tonight that a Congressional committee had been appointed to attend the funeral. Among the messages of condolence received was one from Speaker Joseph G Cannon.

Message From Taft.

From Washington President Taft sent the following message to Mrs. De Armond:

"Mrs. Taft and I are shocked to hear the dreadful news. We sympathize most deeply with you in your sorrow. Your husband and I were very intimate. I valued his friendship most highly. He was an honest, able servant of the public, and a patriot. My heart goes out to you in your loss."

A Forward Movement.

The young people of the M. E. church met last night and organized a new movement Bible study class. After informal discussion of the object of the organization a constitution was adopted and the following officers were elected. Mrs. J. M. Watkins, president; Mr. F. W. Chambers, vice president; Miss Sallie McCain, secretary and Miss Elizabeth Banks, treasurer.

Mr. S. J. Kincade, chairman of the membership committee, Miss Reece, chairman of the reception committee; Mrs. F. W. Chambers, chairman of social committee; Mr. F. W. White, chairman of devotional committee; Miss Ula Clara Sims, chairman of the visitation committee.

After the business meeting, refreshments were served by the Ladies and all enjoyed a social hour.

The officers and heads of committees will meet wednesday evening, Nov. 30, at 7 p. m. for the purpose of filling out working committees.

Baldwin Pianos.

Among the fine pianos Mr. Whaley has in stock is a magnificent Player Piano. If you are not a musician, you can play any kind of music you desire. A child can learn in a few minutes to pedal and run it. It has all the good tonal qualities desired by the skilled musician who may desire to play by hand.

Call at Chapman Hotel and enjoy some good music. Pianos tuned and repaired.

d&wtf

At Mrs. Tobin's.

The beautiful home of Mrs. R. S. Tobin was thrown open to the Five Hundred club Tuesday afternoon. Five Hundred is becoming a very popular game.

The home was beautiful with open fires and fall flowers. A delicious one course luncheon was served after the game and the charming hostess was voted more popular than ever.

Mrs. J. W. Fedberry, from Jefferson, Tex., friend of Mrs. Blinn, was an out of town guest, and Mesdames Blinn, Higgins, Kice, Hart, Harris and Massey, home guests.

WANTS

WANTED.

WANTED—A position as bookkeeper, 2-1/2 years experience in bank. Good references. Call at News office. 2t

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—A nice furnished room. Mrs. Worthington, West 14th St.

FOR RENT—Five room house on west 13th street. Mrs. T. J. Worthington, phone 228. tf

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Horse and buggy. See James Webb. dtf

FOR SALE—I have for sale a clean stock of up-to-date furniture including about \$10,000 in the best town in Oklahoma. Good reason for selling. Thos. B. Burnett, Dallas, Texas. 11-16-20

FOR SALE—Good 5 room house on acre lot. Well improved, otherwise in Barringer addition at a very low price. See R. L. Eaton, city meat market.

tf

Let Socialists Sift Facts.

Is our postoffice system socialistic? A great many socialists, who are not informed as to basic principle socialism declare that it is. It is far from it. Socialism advocates collective ownership but couples with it the abolition of all wages. A true socialist is as much opposed to wages being paid by the state government as by individuals and as long as railway clerks, postmasters, etc., are paid a salary the vital principle of socialism is flagrantly violated. The postal system is therefore democratic but not socialistic. If people would study the socialist works instead of taking the word of some ignorant street brawler, who really is trying to make an easy living, they would find that there is no similarity between democracy and socialism. They would find that democracy encourages the individual, builds up his ambition, spurs him to action and rewards his achievements. Socialism excites his jealousies, minimizes his self reliance, makes it a matter of general interest to every "comrade" to see that every other comrade does his daily stunt. No reward for excellence for all must share alike. Collective ownership of everything. It breeds contempt for property, and greatly increases the susceptibility of embracing free love and kindred doctrines. Socialism is incompatible with the Bible, hence most socialist writers cease to try to harmonize them and boldly espouse infidelity. Let all who are leaning toward socialism sift these facts.—Democratic Press Bureau.

Report of the Condition of the ADA NATIONAL BANK,

At Ada, in the State of Oklahoma, at the close of business, November 16, 1909.

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